UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1131.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

To Literary Fame.

[We have a strong impression that we have read something like this before; but it is good enough to be original, if it is not.]

Thou idle, airy shadow, Fame! how fine
Enjoy thee; or, if woo, say art thou worth
The wasted toils to which thy love given birth?
Toils long and patient, love unbought and true!
Then, grateful one! thou'rt due to me or no.
To woo a name familiar to our earth,
To reign the envied favorite of each breath;
Sought, studied, quoted, found for ever new!
Yet proud it is to form a People's theme,
To live when all our fellows die—to be
Objects of honor that we no'er may see;
When future tongues and pens with praise shall trust,
And pride exalts in the prospective dream—
For such the honors, Genius, past to Thee.

Original Tales.

PREDISPOSITION;
Or, Family Distinction.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARA LINCOLN," "INDIAN'S REVENGE," ETC., ETC.

"The mass for beauty should be a mass, and not a nursery-child."—Hood.

The golden splendor of an autumnal sunset had flung its rays to the gathering twilight, and the night queen, ripe in beauty, rose upon her trackless path, whilst a merry laughing group of twinkling stars peeped from beneath the snowy drifts that floated lazily along the illimitable deep, showering a glistening light of silver hue, alike upon the magnificent mansion, where Mammon's worshippers held their midnight orgies, and upon the humble but low, poverty-stricken hovel, where destitution and want gnawed upon the very vitals of its shivering tenants. The radiant beam fell as full and as lovely upon the kneeling in spirit, as they crouched within the narrow precincts of their tottering shelter, as it did on the costly robed dweller of the towering edifice that had exhausted the tact and skill of the architect in its rich masonry and structure. The damped thoroughfares of the densely populated city presented as vast an array of beauty, mirth, and fashion, as it were possible to behold in the broad glare of the noonday day. It was a night on which the vivid imagination of the poet might have wandered through its elysium fields of thought, and revelled in the harvest from its visionary creations—a night, when the cool acute fees from the world's caremaddening influence, and rover into the realms of romance—an infinite Nature—when the spirit of the oppressed breaks from its earth bound thrall, and treads in the realms of bliss. Such was the night we mean, forgetting all else of mortal being, stands enwrapt, wonder-stricken, lost to all but the glories around him.

Beside a low tapestried window, its rustling drapery glistening in figured richness, reclined the graceful, ornamented form of a young and beautiful girl. Her long, flowing ringlets fell in glossy curls around a swan-like neck, and down over her white rounded shoulders, till they mingled in the folds of a rich cashmere shawl that hung lightly around a form of exquisite loveliness. Her black, flashing eyes shone from beneath the long, silky fringe of the lids of the soft silk mass, which the moon-beams pierce down into the deep recesses of the dark abyss. A smile, half scornful, half pleasant, played around the beautiful ripe of coral beauty, and faintly revealed the pearly treasures that lay beneath. Her gaze wandered from the window out upon a beautifully arranged garden, and her countenance glowed with animation as she watched the gentle waving of the leafless, where it was compelled to "grin and bear" his discomfiture. Leoline smiled encouragingly upon Alfred St. Clair, and seemed contemplatively upon her Johnson.

"Which of the poets are in favor with Mr. Johnson?" said Louline, determined to vex the gentleman to the utmost.

"Homer and Milton!" he replied, dogmatically.

"Why? In what do their different excellencies consist?" questioned the lovely girl.

"Oh!" said Theophilo, coloring, "the similarity between them is so perfect that—"

"I disagree," said St. Clair, suddenly, and Mr. Johnson twitched convulsively in his seat.

The listeners smiled, and appeared to enjoy them selves prodigiously.

"Why so?" again gasped Theophilo.

"Because," said Alfred, "the moral of Homer is pointed—that of Milton religious. The former demonstrates the folly of earthly princes, the latter the immortality of mankind. Over both genius reigns; in true, moral and religious instructions are scattered, and episodes, imagery, similes and descriptions check, and even weigh down the poet."

"But which of the poets," said Louline, at last pitying the disconsolate appearance of Mr. Johnson, and turning to St. Clair, "do you assert to be the superior?"

"Not—no," he answered, "Milton was a fine who opened the long meadow: but Homer 'polished polishing' with so much skill that they have continued to sparkle for three thousand years; he painted nature with a master's hand—but Milton had not recourse to those repositories of knowledge which have been accumulating for twenty-seven hundred years. Homer had no music to enslave his poem, but finer than the notes of Orpheus are the tones of Homer. Both were blind—but the high priests of nature, admitted to her inmost recesses, and taught her most sacred mysteries."

A storm of applause ran round the little circle when St. Clair ceased speaking, in which Mr. Johnson made a most agonizing effort to participate. But the pain, instead of assuaging it, in his torturing mood only increased it, and he groaned aloud.

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Agricultural.

☞ A correspondent of the Mass. Ploughman says: My mode of living without alcoholic drinks, is to let them have a good pinch of snuff. They will come and thrive by my thing that it too large to pass down. Will you try it?

LABOR OF.—Mr. Jacob Johns, of Lemoch township, Lancaster county, has no not yet eight years old, which weighs 1,800 pounds! If any lisher can beat this, or even can boast of a heavier ox, of the same age, says the Intelligencer, let them speak out.

ENORMOUS.—A great piece to make firewood go a great way, is to have it cut, ready for burning, and leave it out upon the snow. It has been proved by that one cord of fire go farther than two cords placed in the wood house.

AN INTERESTING TABLE.

We find the following in the Baltimore. The population of 1840, is estimated, by the yearly average increase, between 1830 and 1840. The products are extracted from returns made to public documents.

Population of	1840.	1842.
Increase	17,069,453	18,712,109
Stock—wheat,	84,822,278	105,317,540
" barley,	4,161,004	3,871,823
" oats,	123,071,241	150,902,317
" rye,	18,645,567	22,762,352
" buckwheat,	7,291,747	7,462,240
" Indian corn,	377,585,875	441,829,246
" potatoes,	108,298,686	124,543,489
Tons of hay,	10,248,108	9,953,551
" flax and hemp,	82,521	156,560
Lbs. tobacco,	219,163,219	194,654,501
" cotton,	790,479,275	962,853,131
" rice,	80,941,629	98,917,646
" silk cocoons,	61,552	244,134
" sugar,	155,100,669	142,645,199
Gals. wine,	184,734	130,749

We shall leave to the readers to note the difference between the increase or diminution of the products, between the two periods designated. It will be seen at a glance that there has been an increase in all the productions except hemp, tobacco, cotton and sugar. The diminution in cotton and tobacco, nearly an eighth, or 12 per cent.

FLOUR.

Part of the annexed article has, we think, already appeared in our columns, but the reprinting can do no harm. The writer (a correspondent of the Richmond Democrat) holds the opinion that the price of flour will not advance next year, and to support it, advances the following, among other things:

The United States census of 1840 put the entire product of wheat in this country in 1839, at 74,964,156 bushels. Considering the quantity of land cleared for cropping since that date, in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, we looked up to that crop in put at 75 millions of bushels, and the total crop, in this country, at 125 millions, instead of 100 millions of bushels. Mr. Ellsworth's report to Congress puts it at 109 millions.

In the debates of the British Parliament, and in Congress, the average annual consumption of grain has been estimated at five bushels per head. Col. McCulloch estimates the wheat portion, in Great Britain, at two and a half bushels per person. The Rochester writer puts the wheat portion in this country, at four bushels per person, and then gives the following statement:

How this stands and matter?

Wheat raised in 1842, is bushels,		101,000,000
Consumption of 19,000,000 people,	72,000,000	
Seed for next year,	1,000,000	
Used by the manufacturers to make starch,	1,000,000	76,000,000
Surplus crop of '42, in bushels,		25,000,000

To this should be added the amount in the country, of the crop of the previous year, which was also considerable. But we will consider only the surplus crop of last year, which being 25,000,000 bushels, will give, at five bushels to a barrel, a surplus of *five millions of barrels of flour!*

He then remarks that under treaties with the United States, our bread stuff is admitted into sixty-one foreign countries, including colonies; and he gives a statement, from a report of the Treasury Department, of the amount of our exports last year, in flour and wheat. They were sent to forty-eight ports and amounted to 1,518,817 bbls. flour, the money of the which was $7,759,846, and 858,585 bushels of wheat, at the money value of $858,585. Add to this, being equivalent to 173,686 barrels of flour, and making the whole equal to 1,692,417 barrels of flour, as the last year's export.

The export of 1842, continued, of course, of the crop of 1841, and the principal quantities went to the following markets:

To England, 385,104 bls. flour, and 119,454 bushels of wheat; to the British West Indies, 216,465 bls. flour, and 97,858 bushels wheat; to the British American Colonies, 377,206 bls. flour and 635,349 bushels wheat; Brazil, 283,656 bls. flour, and 16,457 bushels wheat; to Buenos Ayres, 32,132 bls. flour; to Venezuela, 28,176 bls. flour; to Mexico, 19,892 bls. flour; to Cuba, 69,787 bls. flour; to other Spanish West Indies, 15,000 bls. flour; to British East Indies, 11,537 bls. flour; to Gibraltar, 19,279 bls. flour; to Dutch West Indies, 13,183 bls. flour; to Danish West Indies, 42,292 bls. flour; to Sweden West Indies, 11,024 bls. flour; to Hayti, 26,446 bls. flour, and sundry small quantities to other places.

But the surplus crop of 1842, being put at 100,000,000 bushels wheat in round numbers, gives 8,000,000 barrels of flour: and if the export to foreign markets be as large even as last year, viz: 11 millions barrels and fixing, still there will be nearly 31 millions barrels of surplus.

Suppose, however, there should be a scarcity in England, (of which there is no prospect, still, in her present scarcity, we never sent over 600,000 barrels to that market; and besides, the European wheat and flour exporting countries are to the north nearer to Liverpool than we are, they would supply it before we could.

This is demonstrated by the following statement, made up at the Liverpool Custom House for the use of the Cunard Steamers, showing the average length of voyages from the United States ports to Liverpool in 1841:

From New York,	Total number of ships.	Average length of voyage. 32 days.
Boston,	1	18 "
Philadelphia,	11	20 "
New Orleans,	20	45 "
Baltimore,	4	20 "
Alexandria,	2	42 "
Total,	38	

But the voyage to any of the four ports of Europe could be made in half the time.

On the whole, the conclusion is, as we have said, that the price of flour in this country is not likely to rise during the coming year.

IS THERE ANY VEGETATION IN Apples after being Gathered?

EVERY one knows that these kind of apples called winter apples, are sold to and in cellars apparently inanimate, but after a few months become changed in their nature, and from being tasteless, insipid in quality, and their pulp being very different in many respects from what it was in the tree. Is this change produced by the laws of vegetation or by chemical action of the juices? If the former posts cannot be denied, although that the action would commence and end sooner, whereas the same applies to require the operation of this sort of vegetable life, be a longer than it required for the apple to attain its size from the time of its first appearance in the blossom.

Bacon, in his sacred Philosophy of the seasons, considers the action of which we speak, to be the same as a sort of vegetation. It is worthy of remark, he observes, that of those apples which are destined for winter fruit, several do not ripen on the parent tree, a process which, indeed, they could not undergo. Although, was necessary, in accordance with the Physical principles, in the generation of the fruit, which, as soon as the kernels matured, must rot. The apple is not ripe when it is fit to be eaten, the principle of vitality remains, some of their constituents deteriorate, the fig, even the growing life, and it must therefore be cut off the fruits which the vessel sustains.

They does it concern the reader with into sugar, while in their more mature state. Many other references are collected, not one of which exists organic or common chemistry has been able to perform. There is no true, nor only the opinions of a sagacious man, who does not offer any experiments in support of his remark. The French Academy, we believe, once offered a large prize for the best essay and experiments on the question. What are the changes which take place in the apple during its progress to maturity? We have never seen any answer to the question. Probably, however, it was answered by some of their Chemists or Horticulturists. A correct knowledge of these things would be of great practical value in gathering fruit, and in assisting or retarding the periods of their maturity.—*Manor Farmer.*

SALEETA HERBAL.—A certain fact is mentioned in Packer's Treasure on salt: "A person who kept cows, and whose horses, made the following experiment with seven of them which had been accustomed to take salt with their food. To seven of them were laid in their mangers, and some lumps presently sought were viewed carefully, and another salt quantity had been consumed and it was repeatedly found that whenever there were no salt in her hay and corn, they consumed only about ½ of a common per day, but that when they were fed with new hay, they took 3 oz. per day." This should constant to of the experiment of the cattle eating our salt in the first use of salt at all times, and it cannot be given to an unconsumed a horse or cow rock salt, it being much more palatable than the article in a refined state, and by far cheaper. A good lump should always be kept in a box by the side of the animal, without fear that it will ever be taken in excess.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

RAISIN.—The Legislature of Ohio, at its recent session, incorporated eight banks. The directors, if no mistake are, we presume, liable.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, April 1, 1843.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. We will not trouble you for small sums, but their amounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the belief of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of *James' new novel,* "FOREST LIFE," gratis.

For $4, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's novel, "FANCY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, fifteen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For 35, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $16, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may secure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We think that the reader may safely be congratulated, on this thirty-first day of March, that winter is departed, and that we, between this day and the days, there probably will come

A month of lovers and roses,
When flowers are born to blush in the eyes,
And pleasant smells the noses.

But this "artful swaller," has, we has been pursuing a high one, which has been the cause of much anger and from the gradual melting of the snow which was piled up upon the ground last Saturday. If the slow process, however, was as they say, we have in view of the terrible calamities—eruptions, earthquakes, whirlwinds, which visit warmer climes—every one are to be contented with our lot.

The comet still continues his nightly visits; and the curiosity continues throughout our land are on the qui vive. Great good effect has already arisen from the visit of the luminous stranger. The paucity of opportunities of friendship, we are sorry to say, is a common phenomena, at some of the leading literary and state institutions in this country has been brought into active and pretty generally commented upon. This, we trust, will have the effect to induce reformation in a particular so important to the cause of science. The study of astronomy is also encouraged and the contemplation of the works of Him who set the sun, and the moon and the stars in the firmament of heaven. As the sun and moon mark the day, the month and the year; the comet, the great executor in the case of the universe, and the consummation of all. The elements of its progress can be as well contemplated as the return of the tide; and console, the terror of the unthinking, and the dread of the weak minded, are calmly treated by Christian philosophers, as the correcter of dates in history, and verifiers of the narratives of events in Holy Writ, and in handmaiden, secular history.

In our last we gave an account of a fearful murder which occurred in New York, and which, from the circumstances attending it, has excited much interest. It is one of those cases in which the under current of vice, in great cities, breaks out in a fearful manner, exposing to the startled public what manner of things are going on in their midst, unnoticed by those who do not peruse the police reports, and the daily press. In other words it may be termed as in some sort the eruption of the moral volcano; and if it be the means of causing a reformation of the elements which produced the crater it will not have been without its benefit.

The great local event of the week is the commencement under which the young man Hebertson was killed by Mercer, has induced us to give a pretty full report of the murder's death. The spot is memorable as the commencement of the dead, there is, of course, none—no fact could be better established. The distance will turn out to be about 60 miles. Gentlemen, with an idea of procuring an acquittal, but of obtaining commutation of punishment; or the pics may rest upon the ground of insanity. The prisoner could have better him, must make up his own opinion—but the termination of the trial, and the rendition of the verdict cannot be far off.

Upon the condition and prospects of business, it is gratifying to be able to repeat, and with increased confidence, the cheering tone of last week. The number of strangers in the city is large; the stocks of the merchants are being rapidly turned over by sales, and sale—and a general prosperity appears to be the motto. Cash purchasers are numerous, and men of established credit find no difficulty in making their wants to be made known for the supply of which they will warrant. On the whole then, as we said before, the prospect of spring business, if not brilliant is satisfactory.

The great local event of the week has been the Firemen's Procession, of which, in another column, we have spoken as much at length as our space permits. The spirit of emulation is much advanced by these parades, and under the present circumstances, the contest which the parties concerned are to enter into, and from the participation of the citizens generally in the fete, it is to be hoped that they will bring out their own fires, and expend their own property for the benefit of their fellow citizens.

The week should be rendered further filled with exceedingly interesting original matter: and our last is a goodly array of variety for all tastes. He must be difficult of pleasure indeed, who cannot find something in this day's paper to interest him for an hour, if not indeed, to furnish food for longer thought.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

From the following extract from a letter from Sir E. L. Bulwer, to a gentleman in Boston, it would appear that Bulwer is done with moral writing. Hereafter the publishers will not let him alone; but he is to work out regular all the inner mysterious romances of the last ten years, under his name. On the whole, Sir E. L. B. can be well be spared as my other man, and we presume that he has been no dragoon as translated in his writings.

"With the last page of the 'Last of the Barons' closed my pen as a work of fiction. For the last long term must last my genius has been exhausted in the historical shell, as well as in the fidelity, of all connected in that establishment. They have afforded a striking proof of what American workmen can accomplish when they are well directed. I am pleased that the conference for applying thermometers to cables is nearly completed; and when completed the Washington Navy Yard may challenge the competition of the world in the article of chain-cables." Our last such victory is set, as this, is worth a hundred victories in seas.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

The Bill dividing the State into Congressional Districts, for the election of Representatives, has received the signature of the Governor, and is therefore a law. It was published last week in this paper. Our topic of discussion as to future probable action is therefore put at rest.

THE FIREMEN'S PARADE.

This city was during the whole of the day on Monday in a state of pleasurable excitement; the occasion being the annual parade and trial trip of the Philadelphia Fire Department. The reputation of the members of which the Department is made up, not only for their gallantry as fire extinguishers, but as men of public spirited and gallant young men, apart from their primary cause of association, had led to the belief that the parade would furnish the proper features of a Freeman's pageant. And the event, it is sufficient praise to say, did not disappoint expectation.

Before the grand pair's movements of the day, the marshling to and fro of several bodies of the Firemen, indicated that some preliminary movements, not set up on the programme, were going on under their own different companies, by the several other firemen. The day of the parade being very fully chosen for that purpose. Among the business and other memorials of friendship or gratification was that presented by

A handsome banner from the Vigilant Engine Company of Baltimore, to the Vigilant Fire Company of the city.

The banner represents a female figure, designed as a personification of Baltimore, presenting another female figure, a personification of Philadelphia, with a wreath. On the right of the figures is a view of Fairmount, and on the left a view of the battle monument of Baltimore. Above the figures is the inscription—Justice Rewarding Vigilance." On the reverse are the words, "Presented by the Vigilant Engine Company of Baltimore to the Vigilant Engine Company of Philadelphia." T. Yates Walsh, Esq., of Baltimore, in presenting the banner on behalf of the former, and Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., on behalf of the latter, to which Dr. S. Patterson, as the representative of the Vigilant Company of Philadelphia, made a happy and appropriate reply.

Two banners were presented to the Marion Hose. Banners were also presented to the following companies: A large green silk banner, with a harp and shamrock and from the gradual melting of the snow which was piled up upon the ground last Saturday. If the slow process, however, was as they say, we have in view of the terrible calamities—eruptions, earthquakes, whirlwinds, which visit warmer climes—every one are to be contented with our lot.

The comet still continues his nightly visits; and the curiosity throughout our land are on the qui vive. Great good effect has already arisen from the visit of the luminous stranger. The paucity of opportunities of friendship, we are sorry to say, is a common phenomena, at some of the leading literary and state institutions in this country has been brought into active and pretty generally commented upon. This, we trust, will have the effect to induce reformation in a particular so important to the cause of science. The study of astronomy is also encouraged and the contemplation of the works of Him who set the sun, and the moon and the stars in the firmament of heaven. As the sun and moon mark the day, the month and the year; the comet, the great executor in the case of the universe, and the consummation of all. The elements of its progress can be as well contemplated as the return of the tide; and console, the terror of the unthinking, and the dread of the weak minded, are calmly treated by Christian philosophers, as the correcter of dates in history, and verifiers of the narratives of events in Holy Writ, and in handmaiden, secular history.

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HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.

The New York "Courier des Etats Unis" gives an account of the Haytien Revolution, from which it would appear that the blacks are not only right in their resistance against Boyer, but likely to be successful. In that case they are sure to be right as such as did with the Spaniards, and, if, like the Greeks, they succeed in establishing a free and gallant young state, apart from their primary cause of association, had led to the belief that the parade would furnish the proper features of a Freeman's pageant. And the event, it is sufficient praise to say, did not disappoint expectation.

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The banner represents a female figure, designed as a personification of Baltimore, presenting another female figure, a personification of Philadelphia, with a wreath. On the right of the figures is a view of Fairmount, and on the left a view of the battle monument of Baltimore. Above the figures is the inscription—Justice Rewarding Vigilance." On the reverse are the words, "Presented by the Vigilant Engine Company of Baltimore to the Vigilant Engine Company of Philadelphia." T. Yates Walsh, Esq., of Baltimore, in presenting the banner on behalf of the former, and Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., on behalf of the latter, to which Dr. S. Patterson, as the representative of the Vigilant Company of Philadelphia, made a happy and appropriate reply.

Two banners were presented to the Marion Hose. Banners were also presented to the following companies: A large green silk banner, with a harp and shamrock and from the gradual melting of the snow which was piled up upon the ground last Saturday. If the slow process, however, was as they say, we have in view of the terrible calamities—eruptions, earthquakes, whirlwinds, which visit warmer climes—every one are to be contented with our lot.

The comet still continues his nightly visits; and the curiosity throughout our land are on the qui vive. Great good effect has already arisen from the visit of the luminous stranger. The paucity of opportunities of friendship, we are sorry to say, is a common phenomena, at some of the leading literary and state institutions in this country has been brought into active and pretty generally commented upon. This, we trust, will have the effect to induce reformation in a particular so important to the cause of science. The study of astronomy is also encouraged and the contemplation of the works of Him who set the sun, and the moon and the stars in the firmament of heaven. As the sun and moon mark the day, the month and the year; the comet, the great executor in the case of the universe, and the consummation of all. The elements of its progress can be as well contemplated as the return of the tide; and console, the terror of the unthinking, and the dread of the weak minded, are calmly treated by Christian philosophers, as the correcter of dates in history, and verifiers of the narratives of events in Holy Writ, and in handmaiden, secular history.

In our last we gave an account of a fearful murder which occurred in New York, and which, from the circumstances attending it, has excited much interest. It is one of those cases in which the under current of vice, in great cities, breaks out in a fearful manner, exposing to the startled public what manner of things are going on in their midst, unnoticed by those who do not peruse the police reports, and the daily press. In other words it may be termed as in some sort the eruption of the moral volcano; and if it be the means of causing a reformation of the elements which produced the crater it will not have been without its benefit.

The great local event of the week has been the Firemen's Procession, of which, in another column, we have spoken as much at length as our space permits. The spirit of emulation is much advanced by these parades, and under the present circumstances, the contest which the parties concerned are to enter into, and from the participation of the citizens generally in the fete, it is to be hoped that they will bring out their own fires, and expend their own property for the benefit of their fellow citizens.

The week should be rendered further filled with exceedingly interesting original matter: and our last is a goodly array of variety for all tastes. He must be difficult of pleasure indeed, who cannot find something in this day's paper to interest him for an hour, if not indeed, to furnish food for longer thought.

SIR E. L. BULWER.

From the following extract from a letter from Sir E. L. Bulwer, to a gentleman in Boston, it would appear that Bulwer is done with moral writing. Hereafter the publishers will not let him alone; but he is to work out regular all the inner mysterious romances of the last ten years, under his name. On the whole, Sir E. L. B. can be well be spared as my other man, and we presume that he has been no dragoon as translated in his writings.

"With the last page of the 'Last of the Barons' closed my pen as a work of fiction. For the last long term must last my genius has been exhausted in the historical shell, as well as in the fidelity, of all connected in that establishment. They have afforded a striking proof of what American workmen can accomplish when they are well directed. I am pleased that the conference for applying thermometers to cables is nearly completed; and when completed the Washington Navy Yard may challenge the competition of the world in the article of chain-cables." Our last such victory is set, as this, is worth a hundred victories in seas.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

The Bill dividing the State into Congressional Districts, for the election of Representatives, has received the signature of the Governor, and is therefore a law. It was published last week in this paper. Our topic of discussion as to future probable action is therefore put at rest.

FROM OREGON.

Ten following interesting paragraphs are from the New York Tribune. In a weekly point of view Dr. Whitman arrived at Washington, on Friday last, from Oregon. "I had on the arrival at the seat of Government, at the decision of the Court Martial in the case of Captain Mackenzie. The Cabinet session was held for the purpose of discussing the matter. Judicious was found to be favorable to Mackenzie.

In the course of the Cabinet debate, the Hon. John C. Spencer, late Secretary of War, and now Secretary of the Treasury, and the father of Midshipman Spencer, who was executed on board the U. S. brig Somers, on the charge of mutiny, &c., &c., which "Tis a pretty piece of business." My brother, Spencer, is, but I am not positive whether he was desired not to say anything of which he was not sure, or whether he was not to say anything at all. "Here I am! I give my opinion freely. Mr. Spencer said he had none; I told him he had better go and he said he would not; I told him he had better go and see, and asked him to give me the pistol with which he had shot John Canada. "Oh," said he, "I will go." And he went out into the carriage, and got back to Philadelphia. I was standing on the side of the road when I saw Mr. Spencer walking backward and forward with a pistol in his hand. I said to him, "Come with me, sir, and let me shoot first you." I called to count myself standing by to assist me in detaining Mr. Mercer in charge of some persons on board the vessel. I left the carriage, and came up to the front wheel of the coal wagon I saw Mr. Merc

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

PHILADELPHIA AGENTS.—Dr. Graham's Magazine, 106 United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Constantine, Lady's Book, and Agent for Elton, Boston, &c. &c.

Agent for *Moses Mosher's Jay St. Book, G. H. Commerford, Agent for Mosher's Saturday Post.*

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Agent for the *Boston Post, James H. Simmons and John P. Johnston, for Kentucky.*

HENRY R. LEWIS is Canvasser for us in Geneva and Tompkins.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

JAS. D. CASTLES is authorized for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

HARRY FRANCO, Agent for Saturday Post, is duly authorized to collect for us in Louisiana, Dr. Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. Single copy may also be had at his office in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADY'S WORLD, *for April*, has been on our table for more than a week, and we have only satisfied a specimen of a periodical as we have seen. The engravings are in the best taste, and have been prepared, we presume, by the brother of the Publisher. The stories and ty others, to excel those of any contemporary. The literary contents evince a decided improvement, a superior number of the Publication will be intende to place his magazine at the head of the ladies' periodicals, in literature as well as in embellishments. Among the contents, the following are noticeable favorably an essay on "Literary Ladies," by Mrs Ann S. Stephens, an able, truthful and eloquent paper, worthy of almost every reader, and one which we have also the conclusion of "Margaret Young," decidedly the most powerful magazine story of the season. But we must reserve notice of the number to give the following opinions of the press.

THE LADY'S WORLD, *for April*, is now before us. Mrs Ann S. Stephens is the editor. Hence the number is opened with an article from her pen, (Literary Ladies,) which is a highly favorable specimen of the four ever seen in an American Magazine. It is a cordial relief to turn from the trash of fashionable stories, which occasionally occupy the greater portion of other publications, and find a full bill of sensible reading upon an interesting subject. The article is generous in the certainty of its praise, and not any thing we have ever met with in magazine literature. It speaks the truth upon the points of thought—it abounds with the most beautiful truisms, and shows there is heartiness and frankness which carry conviction with every sentence. It has evidently been penned with care, thought, and if not, like Irving's Sketch Book, *years* in the writing, at least it has undergone as careful a revision that it would puzzle a critic to find a place where a word could be added to, or where any thing in it contains could be omitted.—New York Express.

THE LADY'S WORLD.—This is decidedly the most beautiful Ladies' Magazine published in the country. It is extremely well printed, and the engravings and fashion plates are superior to those in any other periodical. Those in the last number are beautifully colored with four or five exquisite plates. It is a mystery to us how the enterprising publisher can afford so many beautiful plates for the extremely low price of two dollars a year. But, be that as it may, the character of the work, it is sufficient to say that it is edited by Mrs Ann S. Stephens, one of the most successful female writers in America.—*Fort Wayne Sentinel.*

THE LADY'S WORLD.—The number for April of the Lady's World, is by far the best that has yet been given to the public. The engraving is splendid, and a beautiful line and simple engraving of "The Indian Fruit Seller." To the magazine literature of the west of Northumberland, one of the most attractive spots for the display of the genial and beautiful in nature, with its one presuming but the most modest of authoress ever. The literary contributions are of the utmost excellence.

The articles in this magazine have, we observe, a healthful tone, which does not always mark those of a higher magazine professions. In the embellishments and literary contributions of the present No. is quite equal to the more pretending of its contemporaries.—N. Orleans Picayune.

NEW WORKS BY PRAY.—We observe that the Appletons, of New York, have announced quite a catalogue of new works, to be published in the genuine book style, during the remainder of the present social fashion. It will be a treat indeed to get hold of volumes "with covers." Among the list are—PRACTICAL PREACHING, by Rev. Henry Melville, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, two volumes, 8 vo. These sermons are highly praised by several of the Bishops of England, and Dr. Chalmers, of the Free Church, and quite a large number of copies of the London edition have been imported. They are of the Oxford or Tractarian School. The RUINS OF CHRIST, one vol. 8 vo., by Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Greek Blomfield and Professor of English Literature at Trinity College, &c. &c. TRUTH WITHOUT PRACTICE, with a Preface, by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York. THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN, by the Author, 1 vol.; and A MANUAL OF PRIVATE DEVOTIONS, selected from the writings of eminent old English divines, 1 vol. 18 mo. The last two works are 18 mo., and uniform with the Appletons' CHURCHMAN'S LIBRARY.

Beside the above Theological works, the Messrs Appleton announce, THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON, 1 vo., of 600 pages, illustrated with steel engravings; THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING; THE NEW PURCHASE; or seven and a half years in the Far West, by Robert Carlton; THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and a half years in the Far West, by Robert Carlton; THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; or seven

Gems from the Poets.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

The maiden at her mirror, with her head upon her hand,
Sits gazing on her lovely form—so lovely even now!
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of woe?
Why weeps that rose across her cheek? she sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace,
The touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance, where maidens' footsteps fly,
Be bright as still her heart eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked by sorrow more than years,
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The snowfall lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confess'd,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife: the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the toil of household cares;
A sense of might,—of loneliness,—hath never banished her;
Her life hath been a cloudless one; then wherefore doth she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks, what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were decked for banquet or for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt to weep,
With artless wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seemed to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to send away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep, when she beholds the first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute memorials will tell
And send youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the fear of vanity for beauty on the wane;
But thoughts of lengthening years, that may call for bed and bier,
Bring agonizing fears.
It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The spring the next year gave,—that summer was a month or so;
Ah, lady! heed the emotion! thy sorrow tells thee truth:
Assume the sadness's folded veil, resign the wreath of flowers;
Go! hide it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'll still look fair—
There will would all hours wisdom who behold the first gray hair!

From the Mouthlies.

FROM THE LATIN' COMPANION, FOR APRIL.

THE FOREIGN COUNT;
Or, how to Win a Bride.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY.

I.

"Then you are really and unquestionably in love?"

"Too deeply for a joke!"

"I can really believe you, for you have all the symptoms. It is a shabby trick."

"I do not know."

"Is she of good family?"

"Of that, alas, I am ignorant."

"She is wrong, of course."

"Sweet, blushing, sixteen!"

"The wrench of your youngster, Alfred, is almost enough to make one a participator in your feelings; but you have not told me the name of your new-found love."

"Strange, as it may seem, I do not know even that!"

"I comprehend; it is altogether as effete *du coeur*—love at first sight, is it not? But have you no clue to the object of your passion?"

"None, whatever!"

"You are in a strange predicament; upon my word, I can no way but to encourage your steps, and forget the lady."

"Forget her!—never!"

"Your case is a desperate one, then; I suppose you cannot live on love all your days."

"Ah! I see, sir, if you will, Frank; perhaps I deserve it, but I am unable to do so yet unless."

"Suppose you defeat to me the consummation of your meeting; it may lie in my power to lend you some assistance in love matters."

"I doubt your ability to render me any help, but you shall hear my story, notwithstanding. It is this: about a month since, that I just saw the angel of whom I speak; she had applied to me for the likeness, and in my studio, day by day, and hour by hour, I drank in her every beauty, until I was like an intoxicated man. I once thought that my fancies otherwise returned; subsequent to that time, ever, have endeavored me. In two weeks I had accomplished my task—the pleasantest that had ever fallen to my lot—and delivered it to the owner. I left a locket in the only memorial left me of those lost, but dearest hours."

"How! is this, *a fac simile* of her features?"

"It is; you cannot be surprised at mine!"

"Unfortunately for you, my friend, I do."

"You alarm me! where is she?"

"Her name is Caroline Blondel; she is the only daughter of a most estimable lady, who, from her ridiculous pride and intolerant spirit, has earned the well-merited title of 'the aristocrat.' You might as well hope for the sovereignty of the Indies, and expect to see your wishes gratified, as to aspire to the hand of her daughter."

"Are you acquainted with the family?"

"Intimately, for the title of a relation gains me a ready access to their doors."

"I must claim them, your voluntary promise of assistance."

"What! do you mean to persist?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"What would you do?"

"Obtain access through your influence to the house of your present love."

"My dear fellow, are you sane? Such a thing is impossible—say, impracticable!"

"You are too easily daunted; listen, and I will convince you, that what I propose is not so difficult of accomplishment as you would imagine. Blondel, you say, is an aristocrat?"

"To the back bone!"

"So much the better for my purpose. I will purchase some extravagant fashion, which, you shall choose, and you shall introduce to to your countenance as the Count Zodiaco. With an exhibited countenance, and a miniature ledger of hair, I may be sure of success."

"You would not surely deceive Miss Blondel?"

"Were I to encourage such a thought, I should be unworthy the name of a lover; not could I imagine that the love-tone was from her by me, or a Count; would endure towards the poor artist."

"Well, since you promise to deal fairly with her, and not to commit a breach of the office, I will aid you. Let me think; to-morrow evening the old gentleman gives a grand entertainment in honor of his daughter's first appearance in society. This will occur most opportunely for your purpose, as you will have the finest obstacles to contend with; in the first place, you have a rival."

"A rival! Who—where?"

"Why, I would say that no lover could seem to be intimate; he is, nevertheless, a formidable one. He says that he is rich, the ladies call him handsome, and the gentlemen deserve him to be a 'devil of a fellow!' He has, moreover, obtained the consent of her parents to an union with Miss Blondel."

"How! has he denied——"

"Nay, not he! Recollect, I can assure you, will never consent to receive him as a husband, will her riches. To-morrow evening, then, I will come place you, and you shall have an opportunity of meeting, both your mistress and your rival."

II.

"Come, come, I am not daily wanderings, nor waiting! Say, how do you like my costume, you shall choose, and you shall introduce to to your countenance as the Count Zodiaco. With an exhibited countenance, and a miniature ledger of hair, I may be sure of success."

"You would not surely deceive Miss Blondel?"

"Were I to encourage such a thought, I should to